

Vagabondage

I return with surprising news,
I have explained the cessation of the oracles!
Joyous beadsmen,
How they sat by the sea around a fire
Even as we did, and hung cells chain on chain
From breakers to consciousness.

But you point the harmony of birds' feet
From tide to highland and bid me silence;
Will you once again garden a rose
In the press of our bodies and quiet my fevers?

But let me finish,
The night of the sea anemone
Is returning in a black carriage and height
Will be no more than a spangle
Of mute blood and poetry
Will be a bed-business with sponges; they knew,
For the cells chain on chain touched
Quiet Mars, dead Jupiter, and so took wives,
Had love, found grace, my love.

SONG

Incense, hymns and prayers I make
But why can't the lovelies wink
When I come piping in, thinking
Them dolphins in some perfect sea.
Don't they sense the mystery
In my belly, my bats
In the belfry ready to sound their bells?

And when I remove my coat --
The tattoos, the sailor's style,
The one who's seen an evil moon and seen
The sea all cut with massive fins --

But the tavern continues unaware,
The whales thudding in my heart,
Ready to sound some chapel roof, I count
My whiskies down, o bastard run,

Run til the sharks are underfoot
And the ark's done.

-- Philip R. Hammial

College Park, Maryland

A Feast Of Runes

wounded by my own spear
I hang from the arms of Yggdrasil
shaken by the wind
for nine days and nine nights I wait
you love and dance and sing
your fingers are too drunk
to lace my veins with blood
I must scream through your laughter
and lift these runes that lie below me
I swing my fists
to south to west to north to east
I sip the hydromel
set Time back in motion
take off your heavy boots
dance and sing and love again

-- Ottone M. Riccio

Belmont, Mass.